

THE ONLY NBA PREVIEW YOU NEED!

# SLAM

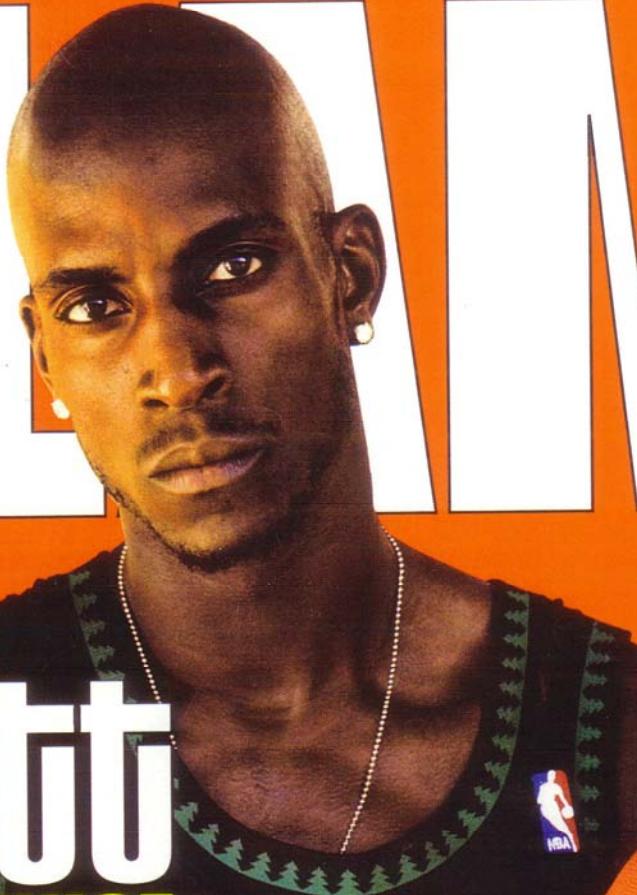
NO. 38

Kevin  
Garnett  
100% REAL JUICE

NOT FROM CONCENTRATE

MAGGETTE  
& BRAND

HEAD OUR ANNUAL  
ROOKIE INVASION



INGREDIENTS

Amount Per Serving %

ANTONIO 24mg  
MCDYESS

AVERY JOHNSON

ERICK 12mg  
BARKLEY

TYSON CHANDLER

ABDUR- 3mg  
RAHIM

TICHA PENICHEIRO

ANDREW TONEY 22%

JACKIE STILES 10%

Daily values are based on 100%.

Servings per container: 8

A J PETERSEN PUBLICATION

DECEMBER '99  
WWW.SLAMONLINE.COM

\$4.50  
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# IN THE PAINT

SLAM No. 38 ★ ★ ★

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### 40. POWERBALL

The Nuggets hope to ride forward Antonio McDyess's unearthly leaping ability out of the lottery and into the playoffs.

### 46. AGAINST THE GRAIN

Unlike a lot of young point guards, St. Johns' Erick Barkley learned early on that the best offense is good defense.

### 52. '99-00 PRO PREVIEW

Ever wondered what would happen if Spree and Kobe went at it in a seven-game series? You're gonna find out.

### 64. ABOVE THE CLOUDS

From the Dirty South to up North, Kevin Garnett has been holding it down for years. And the best is yet to come.

### 76. EXTRA FRANCY

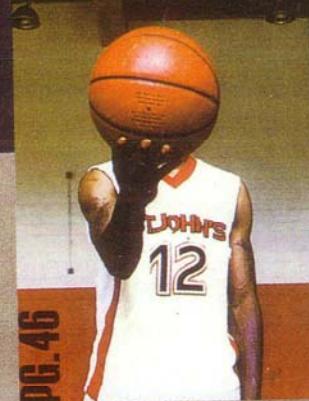
There's this point guard in Sacramento who moves the crowd. Throws crazy passes that (almost) always find their mark. Her name is Ticha Penicheiro.

### 84. PUT IT ON HIS SHOULDERS

When Corey Maggette left Duke for the NBA after just one season, everyone thought it was a bad move. It was—for his soon-to-be opponents.

### 90. THE BOSTON STRANGLER

While Doctor J was always Philly's biggest star, the Sixers couldn't beat the Celtics until Andrew Toney came along.



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Just you and Ed., one on one.

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Our staff sizes up the NBA rookie class, we look for Anthony Mason and his ability to pass, a Carolina center with a lot of mass and Rony Seikaly—what an ass. Plus Carlos Sanders, Kristin Folkl and your usual dose of hyperactive NOYZ.

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### 112. LAST SHOT

A team led by Avery Johnson can't do what?

**MORE GARNETT & SHAREEF**  
**POSTER PG. 66**

# THE 6<sup>th</sup> MAN

THANKS FROM...

## SOUTH PARK



I have seen the future of the NBA and he ain't 6-6, nor does he play in Toronto or L.A. or even Boston. He's 7-0 [Editor's note: barely, kid], lives in Minnesota and has spent the past summer proving to anyone who was even half-watching that he is the guy to replace MJ as not only the game's most versatile player, but its global standard-bearer as well. Watching him smile and joke his way through those Olympic Trial crucifixions made the Dream Team spectacle tolerable this time around. And that's saying a whole lot.

I have also seen the future of SLAM and he ain't 6-4, he's 6-1 [Editor's note: barely, kid] and has red hair plus all of these really nasty-looking scars on his legs from crashing his bike. If you haven't guessed, this is my final issue as Editor-in-Chief of SLAM. I've had a great time during the past five years and 35 issues, but frankly, my expiration date is quickly coming due, and I'd rather leave before I start phoning it in. You understand.

Russ Bengtson will be the new EIC (and yes, Ed. too), and I for one am really excited to see some of the stuff he has cooked up. As for me, I'm sure you'll see my name popping up somewhere or other.

Anyway, that's all I have left to say. Over 4,480 pages, 1,200 references to "the next MJ" or "Air Apparent" and 144 Reggie Miller insults have left me winded and yet fulfilled. And no, I won't let the door hit me on the way out.

Our friends at South Park sent us this over a year ago, and we never ran it. (Mostly because we didn't want to, you know, show off or anything.) I thought it would be a good way to mark the end of the era. Here's to the beginning of the new one.

As always, thanks for playing.

Peace,

Tony Gervino

P.S. No, I'm not fat. I'm just big boned.

DOUBLE OT



Maybe now that A.C. Green is back in L.A. he'll finally loosen up and get laid....The reuniting of Mike Bibby and Michael Dickerson in Vancouver can only mean one thing—the DirecTV sales rep in Tucson is gettin' paid....OP to Utah? Must be the polygamy thing....Hey 'Tawn and CWebb: we didn't know you were N'Sync fans—if you want the negative to this photo, you know who to call....The Spurs' title defense has become assured with the addition of Feiton "The Human Three Second Violation" Spencer....Vonn Read....Vonn Read.

# SLAM

1999 VOL 6 NO 8  
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PRINTED IN U.S.A.

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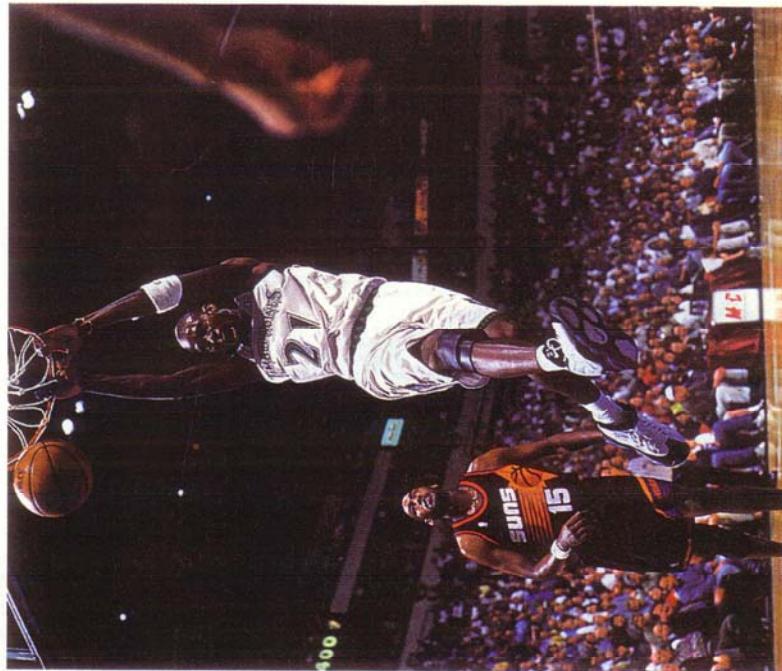
JOINT VENTURE

AS KEVIN GARNETT'S GAME—and his bank account—HAVE SOARED HIGHER AND HIGHER.

AS KEVIN GARNETT'S GAME—AND HIS BANK ACCOUNT—HAVE SOARED HIGHER AND HIGHER, HIS FEET HAVE REMAINED PLANTED FIRMLY ON THE GROUND

# Cloud

BY RUSS BENGSTON



IT TAKES US A MINUTE TO FIND KG'S CRIB. IT'S IN A PRIME DEVELOPMENT—but not a gated one—about a half-hour from downtown Minneapolis. To add to the confusion, all of the streets in the area are named after the same tree. And Garnett's house isn't that different from any of the others: semi-circular drive, off-white exterior. Only the backboard separates it from its brethren. And despite the perfect weather, most of the shades are drawn and the three-car garage is closed. KG is back in Minnesota for the first time in a while. Fresh off a Nike shoot in L.A., his redeye flight got in at 6 a.m. This almost immediately following the Tournament of the Americas in Puerto Rico, where he and the rest of DT 4 took care of business and locked up an Olympic spot. Next summer will be spent in Sydney and, if it all comes together, Egypt.

For now, however, KG is home. Art Johnson, friend and business manager, lets us in, instructing us to remove our shoes in the spacious entryway. A big box from Nike sits by the door, a litter of Pelle Pelle gear is piled on a bench.

# Above

**K**

EVIN GARNETT STANDS ON HIS SUBURBAN MINNESOTA DRIVEWAY—one that looks like it belongs to a doctor or lawyer, not a basketball player worth hundreds of millions of dollars—cradling a well-worn Spalding basketball in his long fingers. It's a sunny, 70-degree afternoon, a perfect late-summer day. The brand-new Mobb Deep thumps out of rock-shaped outdoor speakers.

It's a surreal moment. Here we have the clean, concrete drive, the glass-backboarded hoop, the manicured lawn. And then there is Garnett, all 6-11 of him, decked out in his black Timberwolves game uniform, wooden beads around his ankle, ice in his earlobes, fresh off-the-design-board signature Nikes on his feet. Many kids have stood in the same situation, imagining themselves to be NBA players, but here is one, in the flesh, looking like he was transported directly from the hardwood.

The scene does not go unnoticed. People slow down as they drive by the house—Garnett exchanges waves with a Domino's guy in a ratty Prelude. An older gentleman in a straw hat and striped jacket leaves his late-model Cadillac in the road and walks up the drive to hand Garnett a tract. The Jehovah's Witness is seemingly unfazed by *Murda Muzik*, still throbbing in the background.

And then, like that, the fantasy is broken. Garnett puts up a picture-perfect jumper—and misses. Another shot, another miss. One brick comes hard off the rim and thumps the front fender of his burgundy jaguar droptop. He chases the ball, pausing briefly to wipe off the offending mark—"That's why it's good to own things." He launches one more long shot, from the top of the key. Airball. Garnett laughs before going to pluck the ball off of the grass. "That's OK. I hit them when it counts."

**THINK BACK. THINK BACK TO '95, WHEN THE MINNESOTA TIMBERWOLVES USED** the number five pick on a tall, gangly kid from South Carolina via Chicago. Skipping college wasn't the obvious option it is today; no one had done it in 20 years. And it wasn't like the T-wolves were the best team for a high school kid to go to—they had gone 21-61 the year before, and the team leaders in points and minutes played were J.R. Rider and Christian Laettner. Did you ever think it would turn out like this?

The kid—make that Da Kid—broke the team record for blocks in his first season, then teamed with rookie point Stephon Marbury and fellow

